

MEMORIAL NUMBER

May 8, 1930

THE BAYONET



AUGUSTAE SPIRITUS

*Not only to battlements, high on the right,
And to frowning gray bulwarks to left,
Doth faith make us blind, as the battle we fight,
But Augusta's high faith sees a cleft
Thro' grim tow'ring walls confronting our way,
And lights the sure pass with its beams
Till we're over the top and speeding away
On the march to the goal of our dreams.*

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION

of

AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY
FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA

THE FOUNDER OF AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY

CHARLES SOMMERVILLE ROLLER

1844—1907

The founder of Augusta Military Academy, Charles Summerville Roller, was of hardy stock, the true American type, English, German and Scotch-Irish mixed. He had a sound mind, and a sound body, and his whole nature was seasoned with a love for humanity, and controlled and guided by sweet reasonableness. He lived through the most trying and tragic period of American history, and needed all the gifts and strength that nature had endowed him with.

At an early age he showed an aptitude for books, an unquenchable desire for knowledge, and a disposition to think for himself on all subjects. He was never a trailer, nor a blind follower of any one. In the academic schools of his native county, Augusta, he acquired a good training in the classics, and when he entered the University of Virginia, he was well prepared for the academic course. His ambition was to obtain an M. A. degree, but before he became a master, there came the call to arms to defend his beloved Virginia. He enlisted as a private, and served throughout the war as a private.

He was opposed to disunion, and when the secession convention was in session at Richmond, he looked on with the deepest interest. He rejoiced when there was a majority vote for Virginia to remain in the Union; but then shortly followed the fall of Fort Sumpter, and Mr. Lincoln's call for volunteers, and then the convention in wild excitement swung for secession, and Virginia was torn from the Union in a volcanic outburst, and unionists and secessionists united as one man in defense of their State, and the Southland. Young Roller with his people fought to the last ditch for what was from the beginning, a forlorn hope, but the fighting for him was for his beloved State for which he was ready to give his life.

When the war between the states closed, the people of the South, and particularly of Virginia, were in a pitiable condition, and near the point of starvation. The whole white population was not only poverty stricken, but humiliated and discouraged, and there were in the South four million of negroes, flung from slavery into freedom, and with no preparation for the change. Virginia had been the battle-ground of the republic. Contending armies had swept over her from the mountains to the sea, and in the great rich valley not a barn, nor a mill, nor a fence was left, and her people had almost nothing to eat, and almost nothing to wear.

Young Roller had resolutely and fearlessly gone

through all the horrors of the war, and at the end the question was, what should he do; go north or west, where there was money and industries, commerce and business, and great opportunities, or stay here in his poverty stricken and desolated county and help to build up and make a New South, and a new Virginia? He answered this question as he had answered the call to arms in 1861. Rich and lucrative offers came to him from the North, and from the West, but what were they to the cry for help from his own beloved and suffering people. He resolved to give his intellect and labor, his love and life, to the upbuilding of his dear Virginia and the Southland. He at once went to work and labored with his might at anything that his hands found before them to do. He realized the nobility of labor, and that to serve his State by honest toil was sacred and ennobling, but the great call that came to him was to teach and encourage his disconsolate countrymen. He answered by beginning his work with a burning enthusiasm. The place selected for this work was on the grounds where his Scotch-Irish ancestors had built their temple of worship, and had fortified it against the savage attack of the Indians, and he was animated by the same spirit as were the fathers, and his motto was *ad astra per aspera*, "To the stars through difficulties." The young men flocked about him, and filled his school to overflowing and gave him his limit of work from the start. All were poor, without money, there was then no money, it had gone to ashes with the Confederacy, but he gave his labor free, and waited for his reward, thinking only of his duty, and the betterment of his people.

He sowed the seeds of the New South, and saw them grow and bear fruit, and his soul was aflame with the new awakening. He showed by example that the teacher is rewarded by benefiting others. He had health of mind and of body, kindness and good cheer, and ripe scholarship, and he staked his life and attainments on the altar of usefulness and helpfulness.

When he was called to arms from the University of Virginia, he was known as one of its most promising scholars, and during all the hardships and privations of the war, he had not let his mind rust. As a private soldier he studied men and things at first hand, and he managed always to have and carry with him in camp, and on the march some one or more of the Latin or Greek classics; and in one of the hard fought battles, a pocket copy of Juvenal saved his life. He was a man of rare education and culture, and endowed with the

exceptional gift of imparting what he knew, and of inspiring others with the desire to know, and to do something well.

He loved his State with the rarest devotion; this love was a passion surging, uplifting into ecstasy. To him no other place was like Virginia in history and romance. There, said he, are Jamestown and Yorktown, Mount Vernon and Monticello, and there they will remain forever, as eternal monuments of glory. And the very climax of it all was the Great Valley, his home, and the home of his heroic ancestors, with its setting of history, enchanting beauty, and its grand wild places.

Mr. Roller taught how to think, how to use our natural gifts, and that it is better to think wrong, than not at all, for the power to think is soon lost by not using it, and the mind free to think will soon right itself. He was reasonable and just, and beyond his day and time in liberality, and breadth of thought. He stood for free thinking and righteous living, and for all that brings love and joy and laughter and good fellowship into life. He had the remarkable gift to teach and inspire without the advising habit, which is never pleasing to others, and he realized that advice is never acceptable to either young or old unless it is wanted. Many a young life is turned from the right way by too much advice. He knew that humanity is sound at heart, and he believed in the good in the boys under him. The old theory of utter depravity did not appeal to him. He believed in his boys even when they lied to him and he knew it, for, as he said, belief in the end wins, and not distrust.

The great teacher is not always the one who imparts the most knowledge, but is the one who inspires higher and nobler ideals, and in this Mr. Roller was a past-master. He understood, too, that there are qualities in life above and beyond intellectual attainments. He used to say to the young men who contemplated being teachers, that the life of a teacher must be a sacrifice to duty, and unselfishness. Generally, as he said, the reward of a teacher is meagre in money and in reputation, although his qualifications may be of the highest, and that it takes courage, and the highest sense of duty to devote ones life to teaching. In this self-centered world, the teacher working patiently in the schoolroom, or lecture hall, is little heard of. The applause of the world rarely comes to his ears to encourage and to stimulate him, but yet he is expected to work on for duty's sake, and to help others. He works unheralded and unknown, except to the few who come directly under his influence and example, but yet such life is the great life.

This master of teachers taught the languages, in fact all subjects in a natural, simple way, and yet gave wings to every subject that he taught. He read Latin and Greek as one reads his own language, and taught his scholars to read and get the meaning of the words from the context; and syntax, he taught the reason thereof, the metre, the beauty thereof. His classical scholars entered with him into the spirit of the great writers of the ancients, and the very name of the old teacher recalls the joy of it all. He had wonderful command of pure and rhythmic English, and it was a feast of the Gods to hear him lecture on the great masters of our language. Mathematics he taught from the simple to the highest, and made its use apparent from common accounts to the measurements of the heavens. He pointed to the sciences as the new light of the ages, and predicted their revelation of the mysteries of the universe. *But above all else he taught that human rights are above all property rights—above all other rights—and as sacred as the very inner sanctuary of the holy temple of God.* Scholarly and cultured, always learning, and always a teacher, he shed on every subject a magic and roseate charm without ever encroaching on common sense. The sweet communion in his school between teacher and scholar was delightful, and the very highest inspiration of life. Teaching with Mr. Roller was an art—a high art—a beautiful way of doing it. He was a teacher by nature, and fortunately for his country, teaching was the business of his life, and the thing of all things that gave him joy, and he will always be remembered as one of the greatest teachers of his country.

The spirit force of this great teacher will always be a power for good, and his life work an example to teachers and scholars, and to the advocates of human rights. About his memory there will always glow in letters that blaze the name of the unforgettable—founder of Augusta Military Academy.

CHARLES CURRY,

A. M. A. '74 to '83.

If You Please

The faculty adviser for THE BAYONET is aware of the fact that "He who excuses himself accuses himself," however, he is taking this opportunity to state that this issue of THE BAYONET is limited in general news items because of the fact that the Editorial Staff had little time to write news, and at the same time show Uncle Sam's inspectors the proper way to carry off high military honors—which they did to the glory of Old Augusta.

A. M. A. Bayonet

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*Let us hear the conclusion of the
whole matter: Fear God and keep
His commandments, for this is the
whole duty of man.*

—*Proverb of Solomon.*

Pedagogues

The school session of 1929-'30
will soon come to a close.

It too frequently happens that the
average citizen thinks in a merely
casual manner of the qualifications
of the teacher who directs the phys-
ical and mental developments of
his son or daughter. In the morn-
ing he hurries from his residence
to his place of business, where he
spends the hours until afternoon,
returning home, having given little
thought to the great question:
"How has my child fared today?"

For a long time the school teach-
er was endured as a petty factor in
civilization, rather than selected for
his peculiar fitness, and encouraged
as the most important factor in the
individual and the collective happi-
ness of the succeeding generations.

Too often the fact is lost sight of
that a country is no better than its
schools; and its schools, no better
than their teachers. Parents are in-
excusably prone to take for granted
that the teachers to whom their
children are entrusted for such
training as should lead to loyal cit-
izenship and true service, are in
every sense of the word qualified
for the trust. They forget the pain-
fully human side of the men and
women who make up the teaching
profession.

Mothers and fathers should be
reminded that there are two general
classes of pedagogues.

One teacher selects the profession
because he comes in contact with the
best there is in life; another because
he has no definite aim in life. One
knows that teaching offers him the
best opportunity of making his per-
sonality and ideals count for the
most; another because he knows he
will be given an opportunity to ex-
periment along the lines of fads
and fancies. One becomes a teach-
er because he is rendering human-
ity the highest form of service;
another because he hopes humanity
will render him a living. One trains
himself for his profession, and re-
sponds to the call of godlike duty;
another imagines himself already
trained, and responds to the call of
necessity. One teaches because he
loves youth, and desires to help
make come true youth's nobler
dreams; another teaches because he
does not love physical labor, and
feels that he can get by with less
muscular fatigue in his "struggle
for existence."

It is up to the parent, therefore,
to become better acquainted with his
child's teacher. College degrees do
not make teachers, nor does physical
perfection: the teacher's worth is
his ability to *lead out* wisely the
heaven-given mentality of boys and
girls along lines of truth, and to
direct the thought into channels of
highborn service.

Know the teacher of your boy,
of your girl. If his sense of justice
is high, and he is ready to risk all
in its defense, he is a true teacher;
if he fears he will lose his position
by standing foursquare for the
right, he is a hypocritical farce.
Remember that a youth has a keen-
er sense of justice than has the
adult, and that if a boy or girl loses
faith in the high honor of his teach-
er, he loses faith in *humanity* and
in *humanity's very God*.

The preacher has a great respon-
sibility; the teacher has a greater
one. Therefore, it is well worth
the parent's time to think seriously
and sanely over the question as to
who is going to stand *in loco parent-
is* for his boy or girl during the
months of the school session for the
year 1930-1931. —S.

Just Hangin' Around

I met him first, a little lad,
And asked him, "Whither
bound?"
But his answer made me feel quite
sad,
'Twas "Hangin', just hangin'
around."

I saw next, a stalwart youth,
With muscles taut and sound,
But his habits had not changed for-
sooth,
Still "Hangin', just hangin'
around."

I met him again, a full grown man,
But no new traits I found,
For he had formed the life-long
plan
Of "Hangin', just hangin'
around."

Here endeth the story of my muse,
Some ten feet off the ground,
For I saw the hangman fix the
noose
And left him "hangin' around."

—Riley Scott.

THE ROSES

A MOTHERS' DAY POEM

(By H. C. S.—A. M. A.)

As in Eng'land's "War of the Roses,"
Flowers Red and White divide,
Here today, in our loved homeland,
Joy from Sorrow—far and wide;
Red, the bearer's badge that Heaven
Spares the loveliest friend on earth;
White, that palid, grievous token
Of Death's claim to godliest worth.

To the wearer of the Red Rose,
Tears upon my White Rose say:
Cherish tenderly your mother,
Fill her heart with joy each day;
Speak Love's words, than which no other
Lips but yours can ever do;
Be her true pal, asking Heaven's
Blessings on your friend most true.

To the wearer of the White Rose,
'Mid Death's war upon the Red
Let me clasp your hand, a comrade,
O'er the ashes of the dead;
Let my heart with your heart sorrow,
Let my soul with your soul share
That, upon some Radiant Morrow,
We shall our "Red Roses" wear.

Baseball Team Defeats V.E.S. and Woodberry But Lose To Fishburne

Kelsey, Captain, Breaks Leg While Sliding Into
Third

The A. M. A. baseball team encountered three of their greatest athletic rivals during the past week and came out victorious in two of the three games. V. E. S. of Lynchburg, was beaten on their own field by the score 12-11. The game was a free hitting affair, which was tied at 8 each until the 9th inning. In this form A. M. A. produced four runs, and the best Episcopal could muster was three.

The Fishburne game brought with it some very hard

luck for Augusta. Besides losing the game, which was sad enough, we lost Kelsey, the captain who has been leading the team in hitting all year, besides playing the second sack like a big leaguer.

Kelsey slid into third base in the 5th inning and broke his right leg. At that time A. M. A. was leading 4 to 2, but the injury to their captain seemed to take their hearts away. Fishburne scored five runs in the next four innings but Augusta could get only one more run, and the game ended 7 to 5 in favor of Fishburne.

Saturday, the day after Government Inspection, witnessed the defeat of Woodberry, our most cherished enemy, by the score of 10 to 9. The Augusta men started off in the first inning with three runs and had easy sailing until the 9th inning, when Woodberry coupled four hits with three A. M. A. errors to bring the score up from 10 to 4. Bruce pitched steady ball for A. M. A. and was in trouble only once, that being in the 9th.

—MALONE.

BELIEVE IN PROPHECY?

In 1488, four years before Columbus discovered America, an English woman, Mother Shipton, gave out for publication the prophecy we shall quote. Note how much of it has already come true. Does the last line make you feel uneasy?

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thought shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Later yet shall wonders do,
Now strange, yet full true.
The world upside down shall be
And gold be found at the foot of a tree.
Through hills men shall ride
And no horse nor ass be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do.
Eng'and shall at last admit a Jew.
The world shall get rich and dirty
And come to an end in Nineteen Thirty!"

A. M. A Finishes Third In State Track Meet

Woodberry Wins Meet and E. H. S. Takes Second Place

In the state track meet held in Charlottesville our band of track and field athletes finished in third place.

The exhausting week spent in preparing for government inspection proved too much for the boys and they were far from top form. Had they been able to rest and train this past week, they would have finished higher up.

Goodwin, track captain, and probably the best hurdler in the State, pulled a tendon in the high hurdles and naturally could not do his best in the hurdles. As it was, he finished second and third in his two races.

Bowman, our windy distance man, took first in the mile with the splendid time of 4.46. Bowman sprinted to the tape 20 yards ahead of the next man.

Weisker, of football and basketball fame, broke the State record in the broad jump with a leap of 21 feet 7 1-2 inches. On other trials he leaped 22 feet but the jump was disqualified because he outstepped the take-off board one-fourth of an inch.

Band Goes To Winchester

Thursday morning at five-thirty the Band departed for Winchester. We arrived in Winchester just in time to take part in the morning parade, which took us to the Handley High School Building where we practiced for the Coronation. After this was over, we immediately went to Stevens City to change our uniforms. In the afternoon we entered the Band Contest and took third place. The Queen Shenandoah Seventh Coronation Service followed the Band Contests, and each member of the band escorted a Princess. Captain Harley escorted the Queen, Miss Suzanna Pollard, daughter of his excellency, the Governor of Virginia. After the pageant was over we were invited to attend tea. That night a most delightful reception was given in honor of the queen.

Friday morning the Band gave a concert which was enjoyed by a large number of people. After the concert we went to the station to meet the corps which came in on a special train.

Govt. Inspection Goes Over

We are all in the hopes that A. M. A. will retain the honor school rating again this year. Last Friday, May 2, everyone was up for an early breakfast. As soon as breakfast was finished, the battalion marched down on the athletic field for calisthenics.

At eight o'clock tactics classes were held. Each section was marched down to the class rooms for a ten minutes recitation. From the tactics classes we hurried to our rooms to dress for Battalion Review. Every pack seemed to be very neatly rolled.

The band led the corps on the field, where the Government officers inspected the rifles. As soon as this was over C company marched over near the drive to pitch tents while D company had extended order drill and B company had drill and command.

At twelve-thirty, dinner was served. Everyone enjoyed the meal for we all had had quite a bit of marching. Immediately after dinner Major Roller brought the inspectors into barracks to inspect the rooms. During this time we had a small shower. Dress parade was scheduled immediately after inspection of rooms. Everyone was in hopes that the showers would stop so that the dress coats would remain pressed for the dance that evening.

The battalion formed in the first stoop and marched onto the field just as the showers stopped. The Dress Parade went over big. The lines were nearly perfect in the mass formation.

A company and the Band remained on the field for formal guard mount. The new guard marched off the field, accompanied by the bugle and drum corps, in front of barracks to be dismissed. This formation ended inspection for many of us.

A and C companies returned to barracks to prepare for field problems. The two companies marched over near Bald Rock. A squad from C company acted as the enemy. The problem lasted for about twenty minutes. When it ended, one of the inspectors complimented the companies for their fine work. Thus ended Government Inspection, and I am sure we are all glad that it is over.

—BOONE, M.

A GRAVE CHARGE

"The meanest grafter I know is Boze Scruggs, the village undertaker."

"Howzat?"

"He makes bootleg liquor, sells it to his best friends, and then charges for embalming them."

Augusta Drops Hard Fought Meet to Va. Tech Freshmen

On Saturday afternoon the Virginia Tech Freshmen with a well balanced track team came to Fort Defiance and gave Augusta her first defeat of the season by the close score of 60½ to 56½. The meet was not decided until the final event, the pole vault, V. P. I. winning first and second places in this event, when Turner and Gibbs, of Tech, cleared the bar at eleven feet.

Weisker gave A. M. A. an early lead when he easily won the century in the fast time of 10 flat. Bourgois of A. M. A. took second place in this event.

V. P. I. scored heavily in the weight events and the javelin, Grinus of Tech winning the Shot and Discus events, and Seaman the javelin.

The feature race of the day was the 440 yard dash, Weisker of Augusta being nosed out at the finish by White of Tech who had not entered any other events of the day, the time was 53 flat.

Goodwin also starred for Augusta, taking first place in both hurdle events, and scoring also in the Shot Put, Broad Jump and High Jump. Bowman of Augusta easily won the mile and the half mile in fast time.

Captain Woodward has developed a fine track team this year and the Corps wishes them the best of luck in the State and S. A. meets.

"Nice going, team."

Easter Hops

The Easter hops were held in the New Gym Friday and Saturday nights and were declared by many to be the best dances of the year. A big majority of the cadets, and a large number of the alumni attended.

Russ Boling and his original Cotton Pickers furnished the music for the formal Friday night and this band of musicians is easily the outstanding orchestra of the South. They had many clever numbers of which "Old 97" was probably the best. The entire crowd stopped dancing and grouped around the orchestra to hear this song.

The dances were led by Cadet Capt. B. C. Goodwin, Jr., and Miss Elizabeth Lowry.

The informal was an equally enjoyable affair with practically the same crowd of dancers. The "Cadet Ramblers" our own pride and joy, furnished the music, and many have said since that the music was just as

good as that of the Cotton Pickers. That is a wonderful compliment for our orchestra and we are very proud of them. The Quartermaster Department announces for the benefit of the school at large that exactly one-half of that comes from the C. W. Barracks.

Corps Goes To Winchester

It was made possible by Colonel and Major Roller that the cadet corps participated at the seventh annual festival given at Winchester, Virginia, the 24th and 25th of April, 1930. The corps awoke at five-thirty a. m. and ate breakfast; and formation was at six-thirty a. m. in front of barracks. The cadets then marched to Ft. Defiance station to take the train to Winchester. Everything ran smoothly on the train. We were as one large organization doing our utmost.

On arriving at Winchester we were greeted by our school band playing our school song. On stopping, the corps detrained and marched to the outer level where the companies made their reports. After each company gave its report, stack arms was given and we were told that we could stroll the walks of Winchester for an hour, after which we were to report back at the station, where a check up would be made.

At one o'clock p. m., lunch was served, after which we boarded the train to dress in full dike for the parade. At two o'clock we were in formation and marched to the place where we were to form for the parade. After waiting about fifteen minutes the parade started. We paraded four miles until we reached the fair grounds where we were to pass the reviewing stand.

The corps certainly did put out during all the march. Everything was done in a military fashion.

After the parade we were released to do as we pleased until six o'clock, when we were to have formation. After the report was taken, we boarded the train. The train left on schedule time, the boys fairly well fatigued.

We arrived at Fort Defiance station and marched to barracks and a delightful dinner was served to the battalion in the mess hall.

—DE VITO.

PRIME ORDERS

Said Adam one day, "Eve, listen, I pray,
You're the only woman, but, in brief you
Must mend your skirt this very day,
Or, darned if I don't leaf you."

THE LENGTHENED SHADOW

Lines in memory of one of Virginia's great educators, Charles Sommerville Roller,
Founder of Augusta Military Academy.

Fair I see thee, Alma Mater,
With the Old Fort's walls nearby,
See thy stately gray-wrought towers
Bathed in blue of sapphire sky,
See thy verdant lawns aglow with
Fragrant flowers in radiant bloom,
Incense lending halls safe guiding
"To the Stars Through Bars of Gloom."

But, in reverie, I see thee
In yon Olden Stone Church grove,
There, a modest little schoolhouse,
But a school where honor throve,
Where thy builder *led* his scholars,
Living words of Golden Rule,
Where his heartborn smile crowned study,
But where dunce-cap ne'er crowned fool.

From thy portals, on life's highway,
I have found both joy and rue,
Meeting folk of varied values
As a traveler's won't to do;
But, of all that I have met with,
None I've found more free from dross
Than that gentleman, headmaster,
Whom, with love, we called "Old Boss."

Though thy walls have greater compass
Than in days when he was nigh,
Though thy corps has doubled, trebled,
Though thy plaudits reach the sky,
None hast thou to duty truer
None more free from worthless dross
Than that *gentleman*, headmaster,
Whom, with love, we called "Old Boss!"

Truth he held as fairest jewel
In the crown of manly worth,
Youth he loved with an affection
Born above the plains of earth;
In parentis loco, never
Proved he false to parent's son,
Holding high the torch of honor
O'er the course a man should run.

Come, but soft! for now he sleepeth
Near where first he taught to youth
That response to call of duty
Is to heed the voice of Truth.
Yes, his ashes rest full peaceful,
But his spirit, freed from earth,
Lives in realms of knighted honor
And of knighthood's honored worth!

Gone the primal little schoolhouse,
Stilled its noonday hour of play,
Past the master's cheering greeting—
Borne on wings of time away:
But, would'st see how well he builded?
Would'st behold his visioned plan?
Look upon those youth-thronged barracks—
Lengthened shadow of the man!

—HENRY C. STOUT.